

## ON THE HOME STAGE

The Dialect Swedish Comedy  
Ole Olson at the Grand.

## OPENING OF THE NEW POWER'S

With Jack Mason and Marion Manola as  
the Attraction—Some New Specialties  
at Smith's—Lobby Chatter.

The mere announcement of the coming of the original Swedish dialect comedy "Ole Olson," at the Grand opera house has already caused a noticeable stir among local theater goers and Ole's reception promises to be something great. "Ole Olson," which opens at the Grand tonight, contains much to interest and amuse that class of people enjoying an evening of laughter at the theater and the many complicated situations in which Ole finds himself, furnish a world of amusement for all. Since its last presentation in this city the play has been rewritten and much improved and with its present array of players, takes rank with any of the dialect comedies on the road. The management announce



SWEDISH LADY QUARTET  
NOW WITH OLE OLSON

that they have comedians and singers, and with the aid of new specialty features the show is materially strengthened. James T. McAlpine essays the role of Ole and his rendition of the character is said to be the best of any of his predecessors who have appeared in this difficult part. Miss Dolly Foster, who has been consistently a distinction in several productions, plays Genie Dimple (the soubrette character) in a captivating manner and it is said that her singing and dancing never fail to win the favor and the applause of the audience. The part of the eccentric Irish woman, Bridget O'Flannigan, is entrusted to Miss Louise Arnold, who is a recognized leader in the portrayal of such class of characters. Miss Alice Irving as Mrs. Paul Jordan is another clever actress. R. C. Chamberlain, a Grand Rapids boy, plays the comedy role of Dr. Shingle in a clever manner. The balance of the cast contains the names of several well known artists, who were especially selected by the management on account of their special fitness for the parts to which they were assigned. During the action of the piece Ole figures in a number of ludicrous situations, finally appearing in an intensely dramatic scene, where he foils the villain and brings him to justice. An especial feature of the performance is the appearance of the National Swedish Quartet from Stockholm, who in their native costumes, render a number of songs in a manner both delightful and artistic. The engagement is for one week beginning with tonight's performance. It may not be out of place to mention the fact that genial Ed Salter will be with the company and his presence around his old haunts will tend to brighten things generally.

## Opening of Powers' Theater.

The Hon. William T. Powers will present to the patronage of the public of Grand Rapids the handsome theater in Michigan a week from next Thursday evening. The decorators have completed their work and the auditorium presents an appearance that is brilliant and gorgeous. For the dedication of this temple of Thespian Magnificence Powers has secured the favorite actor John Mason and the popular prima donna, Marion Manola. It will be the first appearance of this prominent and popular couple here.

Miss Manola's name is indissolubly connected with most of the comic opera successes in the country during the past five years, her English record resting on her successful assumption in London of the title role of DeKoven's charming opera, known here as "Robin Hood." Before joining her fortunes in London a year and a half ago each (and not without reason) had stellar aspirations, which, after their marriage, took more definite shape, and finally reached realization in their present enterprise. It is now their announced intention to devote their energy to a form of entertainment, of which comedy and music are the essential factors. Their opening selection here shows signs of promise. The double bill, which begins their engagement, comprise a comedy with music entitled "If I Were You," by William Young, best known as author of "The Rajah." This is to be preceded by a new one-act play called "The Army Surgeon," written by the well-known London actor, Stanislaus Stange. Both of these plays have been successful wherever presented. The music with which the comedy is interspersed, with the exception of the ballads sung by Miss Manola, has been written by the English composer, Julian Edwards, assisted by Carlo Torrance, the musical director of the Manola-Mason company. As most of the vocal burden will rest upon Miss Manola and Mr. Mason, the company has been engaged with special reference to the comedy. The choice of such clever comedies as "The Army Surgeon," "The Rajah," "The Surprise Party," and "The Roadman," will be acted by the stock company. Songs,

duets and medleys will be presented in abundance. There are some strong features in the olio. Crimmins and Taylor, the eccentric white faced comedians and wits, will make their first appearance here. H. V. Stinson promises something out of the ordinary on the flying trapeze and the LaMave brothers will present some skillful maneuvers on the triple horizontal bar. Howard brothers will do a daring act on the Mexican ladder trapeze. Howard Lee, the iron jawed wonder, will reverse the laws of nature in feats of strength, and the LaMave brothers will exhibit themselves on the Japanese balancing perch. The program will end with a comedy by Den Howe called "The Two Heroes." Matinees as usual.

## Local Lobby Chatter.

The many nice things that have everywhere been said about Dolly Foster, the soubrette of the Ole Olson company, increases the curiosity to witness the performance. She is said to be a charming and graceful little actress, pretty, quaint and thoroughly original in her methods.

Mr. Powers is strict in the matter of allowing people in his theater during the process of its completion. He is desirous that everybody should join equally in the pleasing surprise which he has in store for the Grand Rapids public.

Elwyn A. Barron, the dramatic critic of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, has written a one-act comedy entitled, "Out of the Storm." It was given a successful production by the "Glorians" company at the Schiller theater a few evenings since.

Ex-Manager E. R. Salter of the Grand, who directs the destinies of the two "Ole Olson" companies, will be in town for a day or two this week and will be busy greeting his host of acquaintances.

The Swedish lady quartet is one of the features of "Ole Olson." They figure in the play as Ole's sisters and the gowns they wear were imported direct from Stockholm.

Frank Wurzburg has completed the organization of the orchestra for Powers' theater. They will always appear in evening dress, so will the ushers.

The work of putting the chairs in Powers' will begin tomorrow.

General Stage News.

The New York Journal says: And managers are making another great mistake. They are now madly booking dates in Chicago during the world's fair. New theaters are being erected all over the town; they look forward to the most tremendous theatrical boom. They will all be fooled. It will be the same story that occurred in Philadelphia in 1876, in Paris in 1889, and, in fact, during every other world's fair. During the first three months the fair itself was the attraction, and visitors cared nothing whatever for theater-going. After a while, when the exposition became an old story, and people got rather tired of it, then they began to go to the play-house, and in each case managers who were able to hold on made a great deal of money, but half of them were bankrupt before the fair was half over.

A Lakewood letter says: "It now seems improbable that Edwin Booth will ever make his entrance again upon the stage. His family at Lakewood entertains no hope of his return, and, indeed, does not desire that the subject shall ever be further discussed. As Mr. Grossman, his son-in-law, said today, he had overdrawn his account, so far as his nerves and strength went, and the result was that he was brought up with a sharp turn. It is not within the wildest possibility that he will ever appear on the stage again. Mr. Grossman added that Booth never speaks of the stage or kindred matters, and dislikes to hear others talk of his past or future."

"The ghost walks," in theatrical slang, means pay day. It arose in this way: Some years ago a poor company was playing "Hamlet." Salaries were weeks in arrears. At last one evening the actor who took the ghost's part said: "The ghost does not walk tonight nor any other night until he is paid." This caught the theatrical fancy, and to this day the "ghost walks" when salaries are paid.

The demand for Shakespeare among theater-goers grows smaller and smaller as the years go by, but there are still enough students of dramatic literature and persons of advanced years who are steadfast in their admiration of the greatest of playwrights to fill a theater or two if Shakespeare is presented in the true spirit of poetry.

Fred C. Berger, the manager of Sol Smith Russell, owns some valuable real estate in Washington, D. C. It is said that the improvements he is making on the property will be of interest to the theatrical world. Sol Smith Russell has also bought another business block in his favorite city, Minneapolis.

Young Salvini is playing to the full capacity of the house in San Francisco. The dramatic version of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the first production in English of "L'Amico Fritz" attracted an overflowing house on Monday. The engagement has been a brilliant success.

Sol Smith Russell is making a tour of the south, where his business is very large. The prices have been raised in every city and yet many are turned away nightly. Mr. Russell is the only star on the road that does not employ an advance agent.

Wilson Barrett's repertory for this season includes "Pharos," "Clanric," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "A Clerical Error," "Jenny Barber," "The Miser," "Chatterton," "Our Pleasant Sins," and "The Roadman."

"Across the Potomac," Pitou and Alfriend's picturesque war play, is being presented in the west to large business in spite of the election excitement. On October 31 the play was given its first production in Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Robson appeared in "The Henriette" at New Orleans on Monday, and delighted a tremendous audience who applauded over and over again. Mr. Robson's southern tour has been a very great success.

"For Love and Money," a play by Robert Griffin Morris is doing well, and is said to be making money for all concerned.

Thomas W. Keene played the best engagement of his life in Chicago during the past fortnight.

William H. Crane will be in Detroit next week with "The American Minister."

Primrose & West's minstrels are doing an immense business this season.

## ALL GOING TO VOTE

The Clerks at Washington  
Homeward Bound

## TO ELECT HARRISON AGAIN

Strange Denials of Party Principles—How  
the Democrats Bet and Lose—Two  
Instances at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—EDITOR HERALD: This morning's papers are full of talk about the great amount of betting being done upon the general result, and especially the great sums being left by the democrats at the Hoffman house in New York "to be wagered."

They say "money talks," and yet they know that "while talk is talk it takes apples to make cider." I remember four years ago how "money talked," and some of our democratic friends have not yet forgotten that they had neither apples nor cider. It is not easy to see how any man who voted for Harrison four years ago can vote against him this year; how Judge Gresham, for instance, could vote for him then upon the platform of that year and vote against him upon principle this year. Neither can we understand how anybody, especially a veteran soldier, or a soldier's son, could vote against Cleveland in 1888 and vote for him, directly or indirectly, this year. Say what they may; and Judge Gresham et al., do not seem inclined to say much; those who know them cannot resist the conclusion that they are simply disappointed and disgruntled. If they really believed that the re-election of President Harrison would ruin the people of this country or even that the people would be greatly relieved or benefited, made much more prosperous and happy by the election of Cleveland, or less than that, that a few of their friends, if not they themselves, would be benefited, would they sit still and refuse to talk even to reporters for leading, influential journals, and say: "I have nothing to say, isn't that enough?"

An Unexplained Silence.

I am reminded of a story the Hon. Seth C. Moffat, M. C., from New York City, told me of the Congregational minister of his town, who told his congregation that if he believed in "eternal torment," in a "lake of fire and brimstone," for all who refused to listen to and accept the gospel, he could not be content to sit around six days in the week and only preach twice and that on the Sabbath. On the contrary he said he would run up and down and back and forth through the streets and highways every day crying fire! fire! fire! at the top of his voice.

How can the great and wise sit around in silence and see the country going to ruin, and all of their neighbors and friends suffering under grievous burdens, and refuse to lift a finger or say a word? Apropos of betting: I can speak disinterestedly, for I never made an election bet, or any other kind of bet, to the amount of more than 10 cents, and I am opposed to gambling on general principles.

## Made Him Feet Good.

I could not help feeling good four years ago to see old Mr. Wilson, of this city, who had been ever since the war master mechanic of the navy yard, and who was a stalwart Union man before and during the war in "the Valley of Virginia," and who had been discharged by Secretary Whitney, as Mr. Whitney frankly told him, because he was not a democrat, go all around on Capitol Hill looking for money "left to be wagered," taking all he could find—about \$8,000—and very soon after election he started on a collecting tour, and gathered the "boodle" home to his own safe keeping. This year, I understand, the old gentleman is ready to repeat the performance. When I saw some of the noisy gentlemen who "left" their money after election, I was reminded of the story of the old darkey who told his master the next morning after the "race," when said "master" was cursing his bad luck of the previous day: "Master, you make me think of something I read in the bible about 'and his money was soon parted.' I done forgot the rest." The best thing I have seen in a long time occurred right here in this building the other day. A prominent "trust democrat" approached a chief of division with a proposition to bet. Chief said: "I have no money just now." "Well," said the D. D., "you have a beautiful diamond pin in your scarf and I'll bet you \$200 against that on the general result." "Done," said the chief, and the valuables were deposited. Some days later the D. D. asked the chief what he would take to let him off. The chief told him \$50, but finally concluded not to be hard on D. D. and said he would take \$25 and bet him that on the general result. D. D. wouldn't bet that way, but would on the state of New York. So the chief agreed to that, and the \$50 is on deposit. If President Harrison is re-elected the chief is that much better off, and otherwise D. D. doesn't make a cent. That was a clear case of "weaken" and "flunk."

## Going Home to Vote.

I see the organized appetite in Michigan, the fusion combination, anything to beat the G. O. P., is preparing for defeat by raising a great "boodle cry," which causes Senator McMillan to smile and ask what they think of \$1,250 for a "corruption fund," that being the full size of the "pile" contributed outside of Detroit with which to "carry" Michigan. It does beat the mischief how dreadfully afraid our democratic friends are that their voters will sell their votes. If a republican voter don't feel like voting his full party ticket he simply stays at home, he don't go and get drunk and "sell out." The voters are not going to stay at home this year. I know "lots" of them who are going, at their own expense, as far as Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas to vote, to endorse President Harrison and his administration. I am going eight hundred miles myself.

## Does He Win the Bet?

The crowd was discussing immigration and the bad results of its rapid growth in America, when a newspaper man whose parents were foreign born chipped in:

"You're getting a good deal of talking about foreigners in Wisconsin and the

northwest," said he, "but I'll bet any man in this crowd a new hat that right here in Detroit there are at least 10,000 persons who can't speak a word of English."

The crowd was staggered at first, but recovered in a moment and hat bets were numerous.

Then it was suggested that some one go after the statistics.

"Before you do that," said the journalist very coolly, "I want to bet five dollars apiece all around that there are twice that many who can't read and write."

Again the crowd felt the pressure of a bluff, but it rallied soon and every man who had a V put it up.

The newspaper man stood to win eight hats and six V's.

The man to get the statistics was about to start.

"Hold on," said the man with the iron nerve, "I can tell you now who the first 10,000 are."

"Tell us," was the unanimous command.

"Babies, under one year," was the reply, "and under four years for the other 30,000."

But the crowd kicked, and now eight men are out taking a census of the infant population.—Detroit Free Press.

## A FEW LETTERS.

Showing the Bad End of a Painful Correspondence.

They had been separated some time, although they told their friends that they loved each other dearly.

She was in Kalamazoo. He was in Walla Walla.

She learned through a friend that he was reported as smitten with a girl in San Francisco, and as she fortunately had found one whom she hoped to learn to love (and who was rich and infirm) she wrote him as follows:

DEAR CHARLIE—You have broken my heart. I know all. Consider our engagement broken, but remember I shall always hope to be your friend.

He replied to this:

DEAR MAUD—I am glad that I have learned that you are not to be trusted before we made the awful mistake of marriage. CHARLIE.

After this she was afraid that he might interfere with her arrangements concerning the one she hoped to learn to love, so she wrote him:

DEAR CHARLIE—Please send back my letters. I will send you yours.

He answered:

DEAR MAUD—I have already learned not to trust you. Send my letters back first.

CHARLIE.

She did so, inclosing them in the following:

MR. TOLLIVER—You are very unkind.

MAUD HAZLETON.

Then she waited a reply. She waited three months. The reply did not come. Neither did her letters, so she wrote the following:

MR. TOLLIVER—Inasmuch as I have not received my letters back, and as there has been plenty of time, I am forced to the painful conclusion that you are too poor to buy the necessary postage stamps to send them. I therefore inclose sufficient stamps, and shall expect my letters by return mail unless you are lost to all sense of honor.

MAUD HAZLETON.

She received an answer by return mail. It was:

DEAR MAUD—I always knew you were conceited, but I did not know you were conceited enough to suppose that I would keep your letters. They were all thrown away immediately. Thanks for the stamps.

CHARLIE.

They do not correspond now.—Exchange.

Dared Not Return.

The old man who sat by the roadside coughed violently. He seemed to have one foot in the grave, yet he was a wanderer, ragged and forlorn.

A little boy stared in wonder at the strange, decrepit figure.

"Why don't you go home?" the child demanded.

The old man shuddered. Burying his face in his hands he moaned miserably "Don't cry."

The words of comfort from the tender lips wrung the grief-stricken heart.

"Boy—"

His voice trembled with age and bodily weakness.

"—I dare not go home."

"Don't dare?"

The youthful eyes grew big with astonishment.

"No; I do not dare."

There was a world of sadness in his tones.

"Twenty-seven years ago, boy, I left my home bright and early. My wife kissed me fondly—"

Tears sprang to his eyes and rolled unheeded down his cheeks.

"—and told me to get some thread, sugar, troweling, matches, a washboard, saleratus, needles and—"

As he faltered the look of agony in his face grew more intense.

"—and one other thing that I forgot and—never—could—recall. I have been an outcast ever since. I dare not go home."

Intently the boy watched the stooping figure until it hobbled laboriously from sight.—Detroit Tribune.

Revised.

"That's a neat motto," said Briny Billins to a building society man who asks, "Why pay rent when you can own your own home?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but I have just had a tenant who revised it in a way that made me dislike it. He says, 'Why pay for a home when you can owe the rent?'" —Fit-Bits.

Help Wanted.

Editor—John, write to your uncle out in Putnam county and see if we can't engage his hired man.

Assistant—What on earth do we want of him?

Editor—I want some competent person to collaborate with our poet in writing genuine dialect verse.—Kate Field's Washington.

It Didn't Work.

Brace—One of our eminent scientists has discovered enough disease germs on a bank bill to kill a whole regiment.

Bagley—Phuget! Hand over the five you owe me. I'm no coward.—New York Herald.

Got Credit.

Perdita—I'll give him credit for getting me an engagement ring.

Penelope—I understand that's what the jeweler did too.—Jeweler's Circular.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE!



Owing to the inclement weather of last week many were unable to visit our Great Special Cloak Sale, though more than half the 9,000 garments advertised were sold. An inventory discloses

4,200  
Cloaks

Still to sell of those included in the sale. With the evidence of many requests and inquiries which have flooded our daily mail from people all over the state asking that the sale limit be extended in order to permit those from distant points to attend, we have decided to open the doors again to this unprecedented opportunity, and invite those as not yet served, to visit our cloak rooms, where they will be entitled to the same privileges and prices as in vogue during the past week. This decision by us means a distribution of many thousands of dollars among those who purchase garments during the six days ending Saturday night, Nov. 12, '92. It means that some will wear cloaks for \$8, worth \$20 and \$25, and that all will secure these garments at one-quarter and one-third of their actual value.

The catalogue of styles include the newest and most desirable fashions. The most durable and artistic weaves.

Unbroken assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Warm Wraps down to the little ones just old enough to walk.



The frosty weather suggests FURS. As an emphasis to cloak interests, we invite an inspection of our vast and distinguished variety of furs, including all popular kinds and modern styles. The atmosphere of low prices on cloaks has touched the cloak man's pencil with a downward stroke, and bargains are the result. See if it isn't so.

A lively vibration among the importing houses has been going on in New York by our RESIDENT BUYER. He's caught some of the over sanguine importers with too many dress goods. That always pleases him, for he knows they can be moulded to his price, and with the cold cash in his hand, he wields a mighty argument that lays the finest fabrics on our counters at far under the market prices.

Do you want to share in the spoils? Then visit our dress goods department with a little cash in your pocket. We'll show you new and fashionable patterns, and seasons, and you'll prize them so low and so compatible with the superior fabrics offered, it's hard to turn a keep enough underwear for daily consumption. Constant drafts upon the whole sale stock for more the season. No matter what you may call for, either in single garment or combination suit, it can be produced in all widths and ways, and we'll give you a price magic that will win your patronage at once.

Believe full in our clove department of the real late styles and shades, and you will find much pleasure in a study of Paris fashions here.

If our stock of Fur Trimmings were weak we'd hear of it. We don't. Just the fur things that we want, we have by profession. It's the fur-trimmed year in the trimming way that you've seen for a decade. Almost every kind of garment is now adorned with fur, many of the dress and cloakings stuffs harmonize with certain of the furs, giving a touch of elegance to the costume. No matter what sort of fur or trimming you want, count on finding it here.



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